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A SERMON PREACHED AT THE FUNERAL OF THE Lady Newland AT *Alhallows Barkin, London.*

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By *JOHN SCOTT*, D.D.

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Lady Newland.

A SERMON Preached at the FUNERAL OF THE Lady Newland.

HEB. xiii. 14.

For here we have no abiding City, but we ſeek one to come.

IN theſe words the Author encourages Chriſtians couragiouſly to bear up under reproaches, in Conformity to their Lord and Maſter, who in a diſgraceful manner was Crucified without the City, as if they thought his Blood would have deſecrated it; or feared, leſt his laſt Breath might have ſcattered a Contagion through it.

Let us therefore, ſaith he in the 13th *Verſe*, *go forth unto him without the Camp, bearing his reproach*: i. e. Let us be contented with him, to be thrown forth, as the dung and off-ſcouring of the ſtreets, from the Society of Men; and not be concerned, that for his ſake we are made the abjects of the Earth: *For here we have no abiding City*; and ſo 'tis not long that we ſhall endure this, *but we ſeek one to come*, whither, when we are once arrived, we ſhall be above all reproach and malice for ever.

In which words you have,

I. The Chriſtian's preſent State, *Here we have no abiding City.*

II. The Chriſtian's preſent practice, in order to his future ſtate, *but we ſeek one to come.*

I. I begin with the firſt, *Here we have no abiding City.*

The preſent and future ſtate of Chriſtians, is here compared to a City, in alluſion, I ſuppoſe, to thoſe, who though they were not born at *Rome*, but lived it may be, a great way off from it, had yet *Jus Civitatis Romanæ*, the Priviledges of Citizens of *Rome*; even as we Chriſtians, though we are born in this World, and do ſpend our lives in it, do yet belong to another Corporation, and are Denizens of that City which is above: and therefore, ſaith he, this preſent ſtate is not our home, in this City we are but Foreigners, and do only ſojourn in it for a time, till we go home to the new *Jeruſalem*, which is the place of our abode, and the City we are already free of. And indeed, that *Here we have no abiding City*, is a truth ſo ſenſible, that one would think we need not be put in mind of it; for which way ſoever we turn our Eyes, we ſee a dark and deadly ſhade over-

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ſpreading the World, and behold Men vaniſhing every day like the ſmoke, quitting the Stage round about us, and diſappearing almoſt as ſoon as they have ſhewed themſelves. To day we converſe with our Friends, and among our other Feſtivities, we tickle our ſelves with the Joys of our future Converſation: To Morrow their Paſſing-Bell tells us a ſad ſtory, that they are gone to converſe with Worms, where theſe Eyes of ours ſhall never ſee them more; and indeed, if we conſider our preſent ſtate, we are but a kind of fictitious Beings, that rather ſeem to be, than are; and do ſo little deſerve to be taken for realities, that we only ſerve to cheat one another into an opinion, that we truly exiſt; when preſently, by vaniſhing away, we baffle that Opinion, and ſhew our ſelves to be but hovering ſhadows, that in a moment are, and are not. Indeed all Created things have more of not being than of being in them. For it is only a limited portion of being which they have; but there is an infinitude of being which they have not: So that being infinitely nearer to nothingneſs, than to fullneſs of being, they rather deſerve to be called nothing, than real beings. And if the beſt of our being be ſo near to nothing, what is our outward Man, which is but the umbrage and ſhadow of our being? Alas! If we conſider the Frame and compoſition of it, it is nothing but a continual Flux and defluence of parts, inſomuch, that each Climacterick of our Age, changes our whole Fabrick, and we are at no one time all our ſelves, but ſeven years hence ſhall be another thing: This Body will be all vaniſhed and gone; and of the parts it now conſiſts, there will be none remaining. So that while we are, we are haſtening away, and within a little

little time, ſhall vaniſh into Worms-Meat. And hence it is, that the Scripture compares our preſent life to ſuch fleeting and evanid things, to an Image, a Dream, a Poſt, a Shadow; by all which, it's deſign is, to make us ſenſible of this truth, that *Here we have no abiding City*. And indeed, ſo volatile and fugitive is our preſent Exiſtence, that if it were not for another World, it were ſcarce worth the while for a Man to be. And could we but have underſtood, before we came into being, what an uncomfortable Stage this World is, I am apt to think, we ſhould rather have choſen to remain for ever in the Womb of nothing, than venture into the Theatre of beings, only to take a turn, or two, and weep, and grone, and die. For what an impertinent thing would it be, for a Man to come out of nothing into being, only to open his Eyes, and look about him, and vaniſh into nothing again. And yet this is all that moſt of thoſe do that are born into the World; and as for thoſe that act a longer part, there is, alas! ſo much of Tragedy in it, that the Pain doth even counter-balance the Pleaſure of it. That therefore which makes Life truly deſirable, is this, That though *we have here no continuing City*, yet *we look for one to come*; which is the ſecond part of the Text, *viz.*

II. The Chriſtian's preſent Practice, in order to his future State, *but we ſeek one to come*; which implies theſe four things,

1. Our belief of the reality of this abiding State.

2. Our hope and expectation of enjoying it.

3. Our propoſing it to our ſelves, as the great end and aim of all our actions.

4. Our diligent purſuit of it, by ſuch a courſe of actions, as is moſt ſuitable to it, and does tend moſt directly towards it.

Of

Of each of theſe briefly.

1. Our ſeeking this abiding City, implies our ſincere belief of the reality and exiſtence of it: For what wiſe Man will hunt after a Dream, and a ſhadow, which he believes hath no Being or Exiſtence? Who was ever ſo mad, as to make a Voyage for Gold or Spices to *Utopia*? For that which I believe is not, is to me, as if it were not; and hath no more influence upon us, than the moſt palpable Dream and Fiction. So that how real ſoever Heaven be in it ſelf, it is impoſſible it ſhould move us to ſeek after it, unleſs we believe its Exiſtence. 'Tis our Faith muſt influence our Minds, and Spirit all our powers of action; otherwiſe, all the Joys of another World, will never be able to move or affect us. Unleſs our Faith aſcends the *Piſgah* of God's Promiſes, and from thence takes a view of the *Holy Land*, and of thoſe Joys and Delights it flows and abounds with, we ſhall loiter for ever in this Wilderneſs, and never think our ſelves concerned to ſeek any other Country or Habitation. But, *Faith*, ſaith the Apoſtle, *is the ſubſtance of things hop'd for, and the evidence of things not ſeen*, Heb. 11. 1. *i. e.* 'Tis that which realizes Heaven to us, and poſſeſſes our Minds with its Being and Exiſtence; and when this is once done, one would think it ſhould be impoſſible to withold us from the queſt and purſuit of it; eſpecially, if to our Faith we add the next thing which this ſeeking implies, and that is,

2. A lively hope and expectation of enjoying it. For no Man will ſeek after that which he never hopes to find, or enjoy. A Man may poſſibly be ſo extravagant, as to deſire to fly up to the Stars, that ſo he may the better ſurvey their refulgent Bodies, and

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ſearch into their Form and Subſtance; but no Man was ever ſo mad to attempt it, becauſe he knows it is impoſſible: And ſo, if a Man did only believe there were a Heaven of joys above, but had no hope of coming thither; he might poſſibly deſire againſt hope, and wiſh that he could fly up thither, but he could never be ſo vain as to indeavour; his deſpair would cramp the ſinews of his action, and freeze up all the motions of his Soul; and all the Joys of Eternity, would no more be able to affect or move him, than the promiſe of a mighty Empire in the World in the Moon. Wherefore to put us upon ſeeking after Heaven, it is neceſſary, that our Minds ſhould be animated and enlivened with a vigorous hope and expectation of it: That our Hearts ſhould be inſpired with a ſtrong perſwaſion; not only that there is a Heaven of Endleſs Joys on t' other ſide the Grave, but that it is poſſible for us to arrive to it; and that, if by a patient continuance in well-doing, we faithfully contend and aſpire after it, we ſhall be ſure not to fall ſhort of it: which perſwaſion is ſufficient to animate the moſt dull and reſtful Soul, and make it all Life, and Spirit, and Wing, in the purſuit of Heaven and Immortality.

3. *Our ſeeking this abiding City*, doth alſo imply our propoſing it to our ſelves, as the great end and aim of all our actions. For that which a Man ſeeks after, he makes the great end of his ſearch and proſecution; and no Man can be ſaid to ſeek in earneſt after Heaven, who doth not ſet it up, as the great mark of his Actions, and the ultimate point and centre of all his motions. For thus in *Rom.* 6. 22. Everlaſting Life is expreſly ſaid to be the end of having our Fruit unto Holineſs, and as ſuch we are bid to direct

direct our Actions to it, to believe in Chriſt unto Everlaſting Life, 1 *Tim.* 1. 16. and to do good, that we may lay hold on Eternal Life, 1 *Tim.* 6. 18, 19. and conſequently Heaven is deſcribed to be the Chriſtian's *Canaan*, to which we are to direct all our ſteps, while we are travelling through this World, *Heb.* 11. 14, 15. and the whole Life of a Chriſtian is expreſt by ſeeking it, *Mat.* 6. 33. So that *our ſeeking this abiding City that is to come*, implies our walking on through the whole courſe of this Life, with Heaven in our Eyes, and conſtantly directing all our ſteps and actions thither: not that it is neceſſary we ſhould actually aim at Heaven in every action we perform; for that is impoſſible, our thoughts being very often otherwiſe imployed, by the neceſſary occaſions of this Life, and always unable to attend many things at once. It is ſufficient therefore, that we habitually intend and aim at Heaven, and propoſe it as the ordinary and fixed end of our Actions; that we make it the ſtanding Goal of our Race, and in our ordinary courſe, level our thoughts, and words, and actions thither. But I ſee I muſt haſten. Again,

4. And laſtly, *Our ſeeking this abiding City*, doth alſo imply our diligent purſuit of it, by ſuch a courſe of actions as are moſt ſuitable to it, and do tend moſt directly towards it: For ſeeking is a regular action, and implies the proſecuting an end by due and proper means; ſo that our ſeeking Heaven denotes our vigorous proſecution of it, by a courſe of Heavenly actions. Wherefore, ſince Heaven, as I have often ſhew'd you, is nothing elſe but the Perfection of all Vertue and Piety, ſeeking Heaven, muſt neceſſarily imply our purſuing and endeavouring after it, in a conſtant ſeries of Pious and Vertuous Courſes;

in which Courſes, we are gradually growing up to Heaven, and riſing to that Bleſſed State, in which Piety and Vertue will be our Everlaſting Pleaſure and Entertainment. And hence we are ſaid, by patient Continuance in well-doing, to ſeek for Honour and Glory, Immortality and Eternal Life: Every degree of Vertue and Piety we arrive to, being a ſtep to Glory, and a Stair to the Chambers of Bleſſedneſs. Wherefore our queſt of Heaven, is very truly deſcribed by the Apoſtle, to conſiſt in *all diligence, to add to our faith vertue, and to our vertue knowledge, and to our knowledge temperance, and to our temperance patience, and to our patience godlineſs, and to our godlineſs brotherly kindneſs, and to our brotherly-kindneſs charity; for ſo,* ſaith he, *an entrance ſhall be miniſtred unto you abundantly into the everlaſting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt*, 2 Pet. 1. 5, 6, 7, 11. And now give me leave to conclude this Argument with three or four Inferences.

1. From hence I infer, how much we are obliged to be contented and ſatisfied under all the preſent Afflictions of this Life. For ſince our abiding City is to come, it can be but a little while ere all theſe ſtorms will be blown over, and conclude in an Everlaſting Calm: and when that Bleſſed time comes, Lord! How trifling and inconſiderable will all our preſent griefs appear! And with what Contempt ſhall we reflect upon our preſent meanneſs of Spirit, that could not bear with a few inconveniencies on the Road to the Bleſſed City of our abode. Wherefore if our Voyage be not ſo pleaſant as we would have it, let us remember 'tis not long, we have but a ſhort days Sail to Eternity; and when once we are landed on that Bleſſed Shore, with what raviſhing Content and Satisfaction

Satisfaction ſhall we look back on the rough and boiſterous Seas we have paſt, and for ever bleſs the Storms and Winds that drove us to that happy Port. Let us therefore comfort our ſelves with theſe things, and when at any time our Spirits are ſinking under any Worldly trouble, conclude with our ſelves, that while we have a Heaven to hope for, we can never be miſerable. When therefore we are bemoaning our ſelves under preſent griefs and afflictions, let us lift up our dejected Eyes to yonder bleſſed Regions of Reward, and think of thoſe Joys and Pleaſures, thoſe Crowns and Everlaſting Triumphs which do there await us; and conſider how neceſſary theſe bitter trials are to prepare us for, and waft us to them: And if this doth not ſtop our Mouths, and ſilence our complaints for ever; nay, if it doth not cauſe us to rejoice in our Tribulations, and to thank God for them on our bended Knees: If it doth not make us chearfully ſubmit, and cry out with that reſigned Soul, *Ure, Seca, Vulnera.* Lord, burn or cut, or wound me as thou pleaſeſt; ſtrip me of all my deareſt Comforts, handle me as ſeverely as thou wilt, ſo I may have but my Fruit unto Holineſs, and my End Everlaſting Life. If, I ſay, we can complain of our preſent afflictions, while we thus compare them with our future reward; we are infinitely fooliſh and ungrateful. But then,

2. Hence alſo I infer what a vaſt deal of reaſon we have to ſlight and contemn this World; for we are born to infinitely greater hopes than any this World can propoſe to us; even to the hopes of an abiding City, where our Happineſs ſhall be no longer the ſport and dalliance of every puff of Wind, the Ball of every accident and contingency; but remain for ever

ſafe and inviolable, as the happineſs of God himſelf. And it being thus, methinks our Ambition ſhould ſore as high as our hope, and diſdain ſuch low and ignoble Quarries, as the Pleaſures, and Profits, and Honours of this Life. Sure, Sirs, We miſtake the Scene of our Immortality: We fancy that our abiding City hath ſhifted its ſituation, and is come down from Heaven to fix its Foundations here below; otherwiſe we are moſt ſtrangely beſotted, who being born to live for ever above, in Everlaſting Glory and Delight, can ſuffer our ſelves to doat, as we do, upon the tranſitory Vanities of this Life. O could we ſtand a while in the mid-way between Heaven and Earth, and at one Proſpect ſee the Glories of both, how faint and dim would all the Glories of this World appear to us in compariſon with thoſe above! how would they ſneak and diſappear in the preſence of that Eternal Brightneſs! how would they be forc'd to ſhroud their vanquiſh'd Glories, as Stars do when the Sun appears, whilſt we interchangeably turn'd our Eyes from one to the other! With what ſhame and confuſion ſhould we reflect upon the wretched groveling temper of our minds! What poor mean-ſpirited Creatures we are, to ſatisfie our ſelves with the impertinent trifles of this World, when we have all the Joys of an Everlaſting Heaven before us! and may, if we pleaſe, after a few moments of Obedience, be poſſeſt of them for ever. Ah! fooliſh Creatures that we are, thus to prefer a far Country, where we live on nothing but Husks, before the Everlaſting Feſtivities of our Father's Houſe and Boſom; thus fooliſhly to chuſe *Nebuchadnezzar*'s Fate, and leave Crowns and Sceptres, to live among the Salvage Herds of the Wilderneſs: Could but the bleſſed Saints above, divert

vert ſo much from their more happy employments, as to look down a little from their Thrones of Glory, and ſee how buſie poor Mortals are a ſcrambling for this wretched Pelf, which within a few Months they muſt leave for ever. How they juſtle and run counter, defeat, defraud, and undermine one another: What a moſt ridiculous Spectacle would it appear to them; with what ſcorn would they look on it, or rather, with what pity, to ſee a Company of Heaven-born Souls, that are capable of, and deſigned for the ſame Glory and Happineſs with themſelves, thus miſerably buſied and employed! One priding it ſelf in a gay Suit, another hugging a Bag of gliſtering Earth, and a third ſtewing in Luxury and Voluptuouſneſs; and all employ'd at that ſordid rate, as if they had nothing to do with Heaven. To tell you truly and ſeriouſly my thoughts, I cannot imagine, but if when we are thus extravagantly concern'd about the pitiful trifles of this World, thoſe bleſſed Spirits do ſee and converſe with us; it is a much more ludicrous ſight in their Eyes, than 'twould be in ours to ſee a Company of Boys, with mighty zeal and concern, wrangling for a Bag of Cherry-Stones. Wherefore, in the Name of God, Sirs, Let us not expoſe our ſelves any longer to the juſt deriſion of all the World, by our exceſſive dotage upon the vanities of this Life, but let us ſeriouſly conſider, that we are all concern'd in matters of much higher importance, even in the Joys and Fruitions of that abiding City which is to come.

3. Hence alſo I infer, how unreaſonable a thing it is for good Men to be afraid of dying, ſince on the other ſide of their Grave, there is an abiding City ready to receive and entertain them. So that to them

them Death is but a dark Entry out of a Wilderneſs of Sorrows into a Paradiſe of Eternal Pleaſure. And therefore, if it be an unreaſonable thing for ſick Men to dread their recovery, for Slaves to tremble at their Jubilee, for Priſoners to quake at the news of a Gaol-Delivery; how much more unreaſonable is it, for good Men to be afraid of Death, which is but a momentany paſſage from Sickneſs, Labour, and Confinement, to Eternal Health, and Reſt, and Liberty. 'Tis true, the paſſage from one to the other, is commonly very painful and grievous, but what of that: in other Caſes we are willing enough to endure a preſent Pain in order to a future Eaſe; and if a few Mortal Pangs will work a perfect Cure on me, and recover me to Everlaſting Health, methinks the hope of this Bleſſed Effect, ſhould ſweeten and indear that Agony. But alas! to die, is to leave all our Acquaintance, to bid adieu to our deareſt Friends and Relatives, and to paſs into an unknown State, where we are to converſe with Strangers, whoſe Laws and Cuſtoms we are unacquainted with. Why now, all that looks ſad in this, is a very great miſtake: For I verily hope, I have more Friends, Acquaintance, and Relations in Heaven, than I ſhall leave behind me here on Earth: and if ſo, I do but go from worſe Friends to better; for one Friend there, is worth a thouſand here, in reſpect of all thoſe indearing accompliſhments which render a Friend a Jewel: but if I die a good Man, I ſhall carry into Eternity with me, the genius and temper of a glorified Spirit, and that will recommend me to all the Society of Heaven, and render the Spirits of thoſe juſt Men, whoſe Names I never heard of, as dear and familiar Friends to me in an inſtant, as if they had been my ancient

Cronies

Cronies and Acquaintance. But why ſhould I grieve at parting with my Friends below, when I ſhall go to the beſt Friends I have in all the World; to God my Father, to Jeſus my Redeemer, to the Holy Ghoſt my conſtant Comforter and Aſſiſtant: and what though that ſtate, and the Laws and Cuſtoms of it, be in a great meaſure unknown to me; yet what I know is infinitely deſirable: from whence I may reaſonably infer, that what I know not, is ſo too; and if I have but the Temper of Heaven, I am ſure I ſhall eaſily comply with the Heavenly Laws and Cuſtoms. So that conſidering all, I cannot well imagine, what ſhould move a good and well-reſolv'd Man, to be afraid of dying; for when I am verily perſwaded, that Death is only a narrow Stream, running between Time and Eternity; and I ſee my God and my Saviour, with Crowns of Glory in their Hands, beckoning to me, from the further ſhore, to come over and receive thoſe bleſſed recompences: Why ſhould I thus ſtand ſhivering on the Bank, like a naked timorous Boy, as if I were afraid to dip my Foot in the cold ſtream of Fate, which as ſoon as I am in, I am over, and landed ſafely on Eternal Bliſs. But to conclude,

4. And laſtly, Hence alſo I infer, how diligent and induſtrious we ought to be in Religion, ſince we are therein ſeeking this abiding City; and how can we account any work hard, of which Heaven is to be the Wages. Methinks this ſhould be enough to infuſe new Life and Spirit into the moſt Creſt-fal'n Souls; for how much pains do we ordinarily take upon far leſs hopes, in hopes of a little tranſitory Wealth, which we know we ſhall enjoy but a few years, and then part with it for ever. We thruſt our ſelves into a perpetual

perpetual Crowd and tumult of Buſineſs, where with vaſt concern and thoughtfulneſs, with eager and paſſionate Proſecutions, we toil and weary out our ſelves, and make our lives a conſtant Drudgery; and ſhall we flag when Heaven is the object of our Proſecutions. When therefore we find our endeavours in Religion begin to droop and flag, let us liſt up our Eyes to that Crown of Glory; and if we are capable of being moved by objects of the greateſt value, that muſt infuſe new vigour into us, and make us all Life, and Spirit, and Wing, whilſt we are running the ways of God's Commandments. For what though my way lies up the Hill, through Thorns, and over Precipices, ſo that I ſweat and ſmart at every ſtep, and each aſſent is a torment to me; yet when I am up, I am ſure to be entertain'd with ſuch pleaſant Gales, and glorious Proſpects, as will infinitely outbalance all my Pains in climbing thither; ſo that there, with an over-joyed heart, I ſhall ſit down, and bleſs my labours. Bleſſed be you my bitter Agonies and ſharp conflicts; Bleſſed be you my importunate Prayers and well-ſpent Tears, for now I am fully repaid for you all; and do reap ten thouſand times more Joys from you, than ever I endur'd Pains. For what are the Pains of a moment to the Pleaſures of an Eternity? Wherefore hold out my Faith and Patience yet a little longer, and your Work will ſoon be at an end; and after a few laborious Week Days, you ſhall keep an Everlaſting Sabbath: For what though your Voyage be through a ſtormy Sea, yet 'tis to the *Indies* of Happineſs, and a few Leagues further lies that Bleſſed Port, where you ſhall be Crowned as ſoon as you are landed. Go on therefore, O my Soul, with thy utmoſt Courage and Alacrity,

Alacrity, and then let the Winds bluſter, and the Waves ſwell never ſo much, yet thou canſt not miſcarry, unleſs thou wilt. For thou art not like other Paſſengers, left to the mercy of Wind and Weather; but thy Fate is in thine own hands, and if thou wilt have but thy Fruit unto Holineſs, thy End ſhall be Everlaſting Life.

AND now I will crave your leave to conclude with a few Words upon this ſorrowful Occaſion, the Funeral of my Lady *Newland*; with whom I never had the Happineſs to be otherwiſe acquainted, than by the frequent Reports I have heard of her Exemplary Piety and Vertue; which was ſuch, as I think my ſelf bound in Juſtice, both to her and you, not to bury them with her, but, ſo far as in me lies, to Embalm her Memory with them, and to repreſent them, as an Excellent Pattern to you, her Survivers. And what I ſhall ſay of her, I have under the hand of her Reverend Paſtor, who intimately knew her, while ſhe was living, and who attended her, through her Sickneſs, to the Gates of Eternity. She had a Mind fairly prepared for the Eternal Exerciſe, and Joy of Saints and Angels; which is, to adore and praiſe the Fountain of their Being and Happineſs; as appeared by the Conſtancy of her Devotions, both in private and publick; in private, her Devotion was always the firſt buſineſs in the Morning, near two hours of which ſhe continually ſpent in Prayer, and Reading, and Meditation; and how late ſoever ſhe happened to be detained at Night, whether by buſineſs or innocent Diverſion, ſhe always ſeparated, at leaſt, one hour from her reſt, for the ſame Divine and Heavenly Exerciſes; after which, ſhe conſtantly at-

tended the Family Devotions, not ſuffering one Duty to interfere with another. And then as for her attendance upon the publick Prayers of the Church, it was ſo remarkably conſtant, that whenever ſhe abſented from them, one might certainly conclude, either that ſhe was detained by Sickneſs, or ſome very extraordinary Occaſion: Yea, ſo very exact and punctual was ſhe in this matter, that ſhe always took care, ſo to contrive her Buſineſs, and Diverſion, as that they might comport with her Attendance on the publick Service; ſo as that when ever it did ſo happen, as that ſhe could not be preſent, either Morning or Evening, in her own Pariſh Church, ſhe might be ſure not to miſs of it in ſome other. And as for the Holy Sacrament, that beſt Repaſt and Banquet of Devout Souls, ſhe was a conſtant Gueſt at it, once a Month at leaſt, and as for the moſt part oftener, as ſhe found opportunity, her hunger and thirſt after that Righteouſneſs therein ſealed and conveyed, being too eager to be ſatisfied with the common ſtint of twice or thrice a Years participation of it. Thus did this Divine and Heavenly Soul ſpend the much greater part of her Life in Heaven, and this in ſo great a plenty of Worldly Enjoyments, as was ſufficient to have corrupted an ordinary Piety, and to have vitiated its reliſh of the Enjoyments of the World to come. And which is very remarkable, this ſevere and abſtracted kind of Life, which ſhe led, and which in others, is too commonly attended with ſome very bad conſequents, with Moroſeneſs and Peeviſhneſs, Pride and Cenſoriouſneſs; was ſo far from producing theſe bad effects in her, that they produc'd the quite contrary: For as for her Converſation, it was always free and open, charming and obliging;

obliging; and, as my Author expreſſes it, carried ſuch an amiable air about it, as ſufficiently demonſtrated the excellency of the temper from whence it did proceed: And ſo remote was ſhe from any thing that lookt like Pride and Self-Conceit, that I am very apt to think, there is no Perſon in the World could think ſo meanly of her as ſhe did of her ſelf; none that ſhe found ſo much fault with, as ſhe did with her ſelf. She was a very ſevere, and truly I believe, a too ſevere Animadverter on her own Actions: for though ſhe was ſo punctual in her Attendance upon the Worſhip of God, both in private and publick; yet when in the opinion of others, the condition of her Health made her abſence from the publick neceſſary, ſhe could hardly allow her ſelf to be thereby excuſed; fearing, as ſhe often expreſs'd her ſelf (out of the tenderneſs of her Piety) that her indiſpoſition was not to that degree, as to excuſe or juſtify her omiſſions before God. She would often acknowledge, in the moſt ſenſible manner, her own great Unworthineſs; the ſenſe of which, would ſtill raiſe up her Soul to the higheſt ſtrains of Praiſe and Thankſgivings to God, for his manifold Mercies towards her; and particularly, for preſerving her, by his Grace, from falling into the greateſt Impieties. And as for the many temporal Bleſſings which God had heapt upon her, with ſo liberal a hand, ſhe took great care, by her Works of Charity, to make her a ſure Friend of the *Mammon* of Unrighteouſneſs, and to convert and improve them into Everlaſting Advantages. And ſo far was the ſeverity of her Piety, from rendring her cenſorious of others, that ſhe always took care to make the moſt Charitable conſtructions of Men, and to put the beſt comment, ſhe

could, even upon the worſt actions: ſuch as would bear a fair ſenſe, ſhe was always ready to vindicate from foul imputations; and ſuch as ſhe could not excuſe, ſhe would indeavour to extenuate. And then, if you conſider her as to her Relative Vertues, ſhe was a great Pattern in them all: As a Child to her Father, who died not long ago, ſhe was remarkable for her Piety and Obedience; as a Wife, for her Love, Reſpect and Obſervance to her Huſband; as a Mother, for her tender care of, and good Counſels to, and prudent Authority over her Children: As a Miſtreſs, for her Condeſcention, Meekneſs and Gentleneſs to her Servants: And in a word, as a Friend, for her Fidelity, Openneſs, and Obligingneſs to her Friend. Thus did this Bleſſed Lady run a glorious Courſe through all the Vertues of Religion; and ſtill as ſhe moved ſhe ſhone; inſomuch, that in deſpight of that modeſt Vail ſhe caſt over her ſelf, her light did ſo diſplay it ſelf before all that knew her, that they ſaw enough of her good Works to oblige them to glorify her Father which is in Heaven. And being now entered upon the laſt Scene of her Life, and by the increaſe of her Diſeaſe, finding her ſelf arrived to the Borders of Eternity, ſhe here exemplified another ſort of Vertue, to a very high degree, *viz.* Patience, Submiſſion, and Reſignation to the will of God; which as it was her Guide while ſhe lived, ſo it was her Reſt and Repoſitory when ſhe died; to which ſhe chearfully ſurrendred up her White and Heavenly Soul, as into the hands of a Faithful Creator and Redeemer. Seeing therefore while ſhe lived, ſhe lived in the Communion of the Saints and Angels above, and did partake, with them, of their Bleſſed Temper and Nature, and join with

with them in their Bleſſed Exerciſe and Imployments; and ſeeing likeneſs doth naturally congregate Beings, and cauſe them to flock to thoſe of their own Feather; we have all manner of reaſon to conclude, that now ſhe hath left this World, ſhe is aſſociated with thoſe Bleſſed Beings above, to whom ſhe was here ſo near allied by Nature: and that in their Bleſſed Quire, ſhe is now offering up far more ſprightly and chearful Songs of Praiſe, than ever ſhe was able to breath while incumber'd with Fleſh, and with the remains of a ſinful Nature. And, God grant, that we who remain here behind her, may by following her ſteps, at laſt arrive where ſhe is, and be Partakers with her, in the Everlaſting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt. To whom with God the Father, and God the Holy Ghoſt, be all Honour and Glory. *Amen.*

FINIS.